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for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

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T. Abbott, the early part of last week.
The finder will please leave the same at
the News office. 30

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23rd Henry Farwell.

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Ceylon Rowe.

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Norway, Me., or to W. K. Hamlin, Bridg-
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I run a team to Norway and Bridgton
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mill and return it without extra expense
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Mill closes for the season Dec. 15th.
Wool Rolls and Wool Batching for sale.
W. K. HAMLIN,
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I have a larger variety
this season than ever before,
and can please everyone.
L. C. HALL.

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nothing shows good breed-
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That is the best.
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ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT.
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AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

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THE OAK TREE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Christmas at Oak Hall had for many years been kept in old English fashion. The rooms were gay with holly branches and wreaths of evergreen; mistletoe was hung in the parlor doorway, and thither each year flocked the family relatives, from far and near, cousins, uncles and aunts. The fatted turkey was killed, and the hospitable board groaned with good cheer, while huge hickory fires roared in the wide chimney-places.

But this year, the year of grace 1897, there was to be no Christmas festivity, and on Christmas Eve there was no hurry of joyful preparation.

Evil times had come upon the family, and Margaret Bland sat alone in her chamber, her needle-work lying unheeded in her lap, and her head bowed on her hands. She heard a horse's tread on the gravel, and then her brother's slow step up the walk, so unlike her usual firm, quick tread, told her as plainly as words that he was the bearer of no good news. She had expected none, yet her heart sank down, down, and the clasped hands closed tighter, measuring time by heart-beats. It seemed that an age had passed before her sister opened the door and came slowly in. She looked up.

"Well?"
"The suit has gone against us; the decree of sale is granted. The old home and the furniture must all go, even your watch and the wedding gifts papa gave me are liable for the debt, and even then it can scarcely be paid; the interest is for twenty years, you know?"

She dropped into a chair as she spoke, a limp figure of utter despair. Margaret rose and paced the room swiftly.

"I know that money was paid," she said. "It is incredible! Papa was always well off, and considered good pay. Is it likely, is it even possible that a man like Uncle Braxton would have silently waited for so large a sum all these years? When, too, for many of them he was unsuccessful in business and needed money? I tell you, Ida, it is incredible, utterly incredible!"

"Yes, I know all that," sighed her sister. "But our belief is worth nothing in law. They can prove that the money was due; we cannot show that it was paid. Papa told us so, but that is no evidence in law?"

"If we could only find those papers!"

"Ah, if we could!" echoed Ida. "I have sought for them everywhere, in possible and impossible places; turned every stone in the yard, and prodded the orchard and garden. They cannot be in the house, that would not have been a safe hiding-place if the raiders had burned it, as papa expected them to do."

"And to think that they never came near us after all! We are ruined through too much prudence. Oh, Madge! Madge!" And Ida broke into a flood of passionate tears.

In truth it seemed even as she had said. Three years before, Sheridan's cavalry, "riding a raid," had menaced their country from the opposite side of the river. In hourly expectation of their arrival, all valuables which could be were hidden. Concerning one cache, Mr. Bland took no one into his confidence, not even his daughters.

"No, no," he said, "if the soldiers threaten my life, you'll go down on your knees, and tell them all about it. I'll keep the secret myself." And he did so, only too effectually.

The raiders failed to reach Oak Hall, though they came within full sight of it; for the river, swollen by spring rains, resisted all efforts to place their pontoons, and the bridges had been burned at the earliest news of their approach. But when a few months later Mr. Bland was found dead in his chair, the private drawer in his desk was found empty, and his affairs were in hopeless confusion, for the lack of certain important papers.

The matter was noised abroad in some way, and a host of claims sprang up against the estate, inconvenient, but not ruinous, until suit was brought by Mr. Bland's brother-in-law, the Uncle Braxton spoken of above, for certain moneys, in behalf of his wife. Twenty years before, Mr. Bland had been left executor of his father's estate. He had kept the old family place intact, paying the other heirs their portion of its value in money. The portable property was divided by lot, and about this there was no difficulty; but now after his death, the husband of his sister brought suit for the value of the real estate inherited by his wife. Such a claim takes precedence of all others in Virginia law, and this it was which had ruined the Blands. There had been one hope of proving the pay-

ment, the chance that it might have been recorded at the County Clerk's office. This hope was dashed by the burning of the Court House building, which contained the Clerk's office, leaving the Blands, as lawyers say, absolutely without a case.

Ida dried her tears, and mournfully went to seek her husband, while Margaret, then left to herself, threw a shawl around her and went out of doors, wandering aimlessly through yard and garden. The dear old home! How she loved it! And now to have it taken away from her—oh, it was hard, hard!

"God has forsaken us," she thought bitterly. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts, that she did not notice the gathering storm, until its sudden outbreak drove her in to fire and shelter.

It was a sorrowful little group which gathered around the supper table that evening, with hearts too heavy to talk even about their troubles. Out of doors it was snowing steadily, and blowing hard. "An awful night," John said, when he came in from his nightly round to see that all was right among the outbuildings before locking up for the night. The Christmas stockings were to be filled, in spite of aching hearts; they must not be cheated of their pleasure. There was a doll to dress for Mamie, a pair of reins to be finished for Johnnie, and thus it was late before good-nights were said and Margaret went to her room and to bed.

The roar of the rain and the rush of the river kept her awake, and it was late before she fell asleep, a restless slumber from which she awoke suddenly, with a voice in her ear shrieking, "Look! Look!" and the sound of a mighty crash as though the house itself had fallen. She found herself standing in the middle of the floor shivering as with an ague.

The fire was out and it was with some difficulty that she managed to find the matches and lamp. She searched thoroughly, but there was no one in the room, and the door was locked as she had left it.

"Only a dream," she said to herself, "but the crash was real, what could that have been?" She tried to open the window, but the wind held the shutter against her, driving a sheet of snow and sleet into her face as she raised the sash. Chilled through, she crept back to bed, and did not wake again until the breakfast-bell aroused her.

Dressing hastily she ran down stairs, to be greeted with "Well, sister, the Patriarch has fallen." "Oh, Madge, the great oak has fallen down," John and Ida spoke in the same breath.

"A fitting end for it, to fall with the family," she thought, and she said, bitterly, "I am glad of it. There is so much the less left for Mr. Braxton."

"That is not a right spirit," rebuked John, but his wife broke in impatiently, "I feel so, too; I never loved the old tree so well before."

Margaret walked to the window, and looked out where the great oak which had been a landmark of the ages, ages ago her great-grandfather had "taken up" his land grant, so many years ago. How large it was! How much space it covered as it lay! The archway of its boughs was crushed beneath it, so also was her pet honeysuckle. Well, no matter. Indeed, what could matter now? Then suddenly with a half-articulate cry she threw the window open to the floor, and plunged out bare-headed into the snow.

"Margaret, what on earth is the matter?" cried her sister. But she heeded not and kept straight on until she had grasped the object which she had seen from the window, and recognized as her father's—a rusty tin box, so much encrusted and weather-stained, that it was more like a stone than a box, as the old tree held it up between its roots.

She met John half way, as he came through the drifts in pursuit of her, and showed him her prize half-laughing and half-crying, as they hurried into the house.

"Is it?" Can it be?" said Ida, in a flutter of joyous bewilderment. John took the box, and forcing the rusty lock opened it.

"Wait," he said, and then he took out the contents, "decently and in order," for all the impatience of the others.

A package of Confederate notes, another of Confederate bonds, soiled representations of sundry hogs-head of tobacco, and many bushels of wheat and corn, riches vanished in the smoke of Richmond's suicidal fires; a small box of old-fashioned jewelry; some silver and less gold, and a package of papers neatly docketed and tied with red tape. Heavens! was he going to be forever about it? and Margaret stamped her foot in uncontrollable impatience.

"Patience, sister, have patience!" Smith, Jones, Briggs, Braxton!" she unfolded a yellow parchment beginning with "Know all men by these presents," and ending with the signatures duly attested, of Edward Braxton and Alice his wife. "Our home is safe," he said. Let us thank God for his great mercy!"—Mrs. M. F. Handy.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Discourse Addressed to the Bread-winners of the Land.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in the following sermon, arraigns impudence in all classes, and puts alcohol down as the greatest enemy of the working people.

A short time before his death, Gex. Dowd expressed a wish that the following sermon be re-printed. He doubtless thought that a wide circulation of it might be of great benefit to the laboring men of our country. It is based on the text:

He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it in a bag with holes.—Ezekiel 1, 6.

In Persia, under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not eaten of moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put in a bag with holes."

What has become of the billions and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming table. Wasted in intoxicants.

Put in a bag with a hundred holes. Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for drink during the last 30 years, and I will build for every working man a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and place at his front door a prancing pair of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted, and is now boycotting, the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital.

It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon spell, and on his way home at eventide; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come into the family, and sacrifices it among the saloon keepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chicago. "Forward, march," says the drink power, "and take possession of the American nation."

The drink business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees, I proclaim a strike universal against strong drink, which if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends \$1,500,000,000 for drink. Of course, the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure.

Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expend in liquors \$100,000,000, or \$500,000,000 a year. Sit down and calculate, O working-man! how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people, you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a workingman's physical energy you deplete his capital. The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants; I took none." A brickmaker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The beer drinker who made the fewest bricks made 650,000; and the abstainer who made the fewest bricks 746,

000. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, \$7,000."

When an army goes out to the battle the soldier who has water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has the whisky in the canteen. Drink helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country he wants no drink about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He can not endure fatigue. All our young-men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta, or a foot ball club, or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after awhile, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative associations, and so become capitalists. If the working man put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out so they will just equal, he is not wise. I know working men who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last dollar.

The following circumstances came under our observation: A young man worked hard to earn his \$600 or \$700 yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited \$500 from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on her wedding dress. Then they rented two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment; almost exhausted with the day's work, yet took evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he want to get money? To lay up something for a rainy day? No. To get his life insured, so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get \$150 to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all night for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have heard of the result on that street. The street was full of those who are on small incomes, but who suppose the contagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally: "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin coat!"

I was out west and a minister of the Gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia centennial. It was not respectable to go to the centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skin-dint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if the door bell rings before they have the gas lighted. They apologize for the plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrified beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whisky and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses 19 shillings and six pence; result, misery. But Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses 19 shillings and six pence; result, happiness." But, oh, working man, take your morning dram, and

WOMEN'S CHIT-CHAT.

"From Grave to Gay, From Lively to Severe."

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

It's a dreadful thing to think you have been having a good time and then suddenly find that you haven't! The Observer had always supposed that she had had beautiful Christmases until she went to Germany, and then she found that she had not even been on the verge of one,—that there were undiscovered continents of good times to which she was practically a stranger! To see a whole nation possessed with one idea—how to get the most into and out of one day, in the way of innocent enjoyment, was a most heartsome experience. Never before had she understood the Continental assertion that the English take their pleasure sadly! No wonder that the exuberant Germans think thus of their reserved neighbors, for where in the world is there another such a nation of great, warm, generous child-hearts as these same Teutonic cousins of ours across the sea?

We had always been accustomed to see the most extravagant people on earth load the day with gifts rich and rare, for no one ever spends the amount of money that the Americans do upon its observance; but our elders had always assumed a half apologetic aspect, and when one was found who forgot himself enough to allow a gleam of warmth to steal over his chilled sentiments, he caught himself up sharply and assumed the same air of self-abnegation which a family of grown-up martyrs bear when detected in acting as a rather oversized body-guard to one small boy at the circus! But those magnificent great Germans, with their six feet of physical proportions, their rich deep voices and general overpoweringness! They simply became great grown-up boys and frolicked and played, trimmed Christmas trees, garlanded walls, welcomed the simplest remembrances with hearty gratitude, and were a complete revelation to the exceedingly proper Americans who slowly became uncongealed as the day wore on and they found themselves still intact.

Not a man, woman or child in the city of Berlin, the Christmas day we spent there, but wore the day upon their faces! Strangers greeted one another in the streets; conductors and cab drivers wished you "Mahlzeit" with double the usual fervor and received double "Trinkgeld"; for who could resist the happy contagion of good feeling? Servants scamped upon the extra errands of the day as though their tired feet had Mercury's wings as aids. The streets were thronged all day with busy important-looking messengers carrying superb baskets of flowers,—for (the German can do nothing without flowers where the affections are concerned)—and everything seemed pointing to one great climax of expression, which became revealed as the early night of North Germany settled down upon the expectant city. No house was so small, so dimly lighted, or so narrow-windowed that some kind of a Christmas tree did not shine forth into the darkness from the uncurtained windows; and such sights as the homes of the middle and higher classes bestowed upon the warmly-appreciative crowds who drove and walked through the streets of this fairy-land this one beautiful night of the year! For miles every house blazed with light, and draperies were withdrawn so as to give an unobstructed view of the lovely spangled and glittering lighted trees; not always hung with gifts as with us, but made as beautiful and durable as possible and lighted every night until New Year's evening,—when the bewildered little year comes in with such a welcome of bells and shouts from open windows of "Prosit Neu Jahr," as would scare the dawning light of anything less sturdy than the offspring of old Father Time.

"Although only a dweller in Berlin of less than a month's duration," just long enough to have received the usual visit from the police who take you under their supervision from the moment of your arrival until you leave the realm of the young man who so firmly believes in "the divine right of kings"—we were fortunate enough to receive an invitation of a charming social nature for Christmas eve, which we were only too glad to accept.

Christmas eve then, at half past nine, found us driving to a large party through this avenue of Christmas trees in whose glittering rays we could see happy families

ies disporting themselves. Our hostess, magnificent in black velvet and old point lace, met us, as the servant pronounced our names with a struggle over some unfamiliar sounds, and with most gracious expressions of welcome presented us to group after group of Germans, English, and a few Americans who seemed strangely unfamiliar and gave us the queer sensation of having happily mastered a foreign language without any effort as we heard, amid the jargon of a strange tongue, one that we could understand. We were immediately served with refreshments by the daintiest of white-capped "Mädchen," and between the hours of our arrival and departure seven courses of varied delicacies were presented to us, including a most elaborate supper at midnight, where one of the favorite dishes was our American sweet-corn served with tiny triangles of puff paste arranged in patterns upon the platter. The Americans looked a little amused at seeing this familiar dish in its position of social promotion, and the hostess pressed it upon us as one of the American luxuries that the McKinley bill was soon to deprive them of an account of the higher reciprocal duties imposed!

Such an amusing scene it all was to our observing eyes! The beautiful suite of four large rooms was thrown open so that a long vista was secured, and first of all we were introduced to the magnificent Christmas tree which stood in brilliant state at the head of the first room. All around the room were rows of chaperon-filled seats into one of which the Observer meekly sank and where what small command she had obtained over the appalling "German langwidige" was suddenly wrested from her, along with her breath, at the gorgeous apparition of a German officer in all the bravery of his military attire and bearing, as he clicked his heels together and with a profound and wholly Old World bow, asked in the richest of gutters for the honor of the next quadrille with Frau Doctorin. There was a moment of mental anguish as Frau Doctorin declined the honor, keeping her articles, adjectives and genders uppermost in her mind, and explaining her inability to accept the pleasure, whilst trying to construct her sentences without disgracing her family by introducing the tender "du". This duty done, the warrior then took his pleasure by performing a similar obeisance before the young American "Fraulein" at the Observer's side,—with better success. How the different nationalities showed the position their women take as they mingled in that evening of social intercourse! The sweet little sleek-headed or fluffy-necked German Frauleins accepted their partners with such gratitude, that one could see the future submissive Frau in every girlish figure. How conscientiously they took their steps; how meekly they smiled at their partners' witcidisms; how helplessly they clung to their partners' arms and how they bounced as they attempted the modern steps! And after all this tender adoration what did these ungrateful Prussians do but give these unsuspicious, sentimental little country women short and infrequent turns, and absorb the attention of every American girl in the room, not only for the dance but for the promenade, and even to the sitting out a number for a conversation; and how nonchalantly our girls accepted their extremely marked attentions; how naturally they chatted; how gracious, unaffected and gay they were; how they swept their partners along in the beautiful rhythmic swing of the American step, asking no support save the poise of guidance,—and how charmed the gray-haired colonel as well as the blond lieutenants were with the American flowers in this Christmas bouquet from the garden of girls.

How impressive was the English dowager with the hideous magenta satin dress which exactly matched the shade of her complexion. How oracularly her head nodded as she commented upon the shifting throng. How interesting was the conversation between the gentleman and his daughter from Calcutta and a recently returned traveler from Egypt, as they compared experiences and Christmas eves in strange places.

How the German baron hovered around the rich man's daughter from Australia, and how surprised we were to find that the typical golden haired German maiden in the rooms was—Miss Smith from Chicago; how innocently gay and cheerfully kind every one seemed; what im-

finite pains were taken that the stranger and the unattractive should receive special consideration. Those dear unselfish girls! how they kept a watchful eye over the invalid gentleman and the clumsy girl who could only hop up and down, out of time, when she danced, and with what a pretty free-masonry did they suggest to favored swains that the way to win favor in their eyes was to be the chivalrous knight to the lonely and unsought. Where can lovely traits of character be better fostered in the young than where the conditions of social life call for the gentle renunciation of self and watchful care over the happiness of others!

How odd it seemed to see our American girl dancing the "Berlin" in Berlin, with a Prussian uniform adding distinction to her own dainty toilette, and to see the charming figures of the "German" frolicked through in Germany—its birth place!

And as a finale to the evening what could have given a more homelike touch to the Observer's reflections than the escape of the small scions of an English and an American mother who had been specially invited to meet one another by this most indulgent of hostesses upon this celebration of peace and good will to men. They had been so solemnly dealt with as to their manners before their debut that no loophole seemed left unguarded wherein a breach of etiquette could be made in the social wall, and their preternatural dignity of bearing had lulled all fears. Fancy then the feelings of these mothers when they were beckoned to by a horrified servant and informed that a duel was being fought in the kitchen corridor behind the screen, by young John Bull and younger Brother Jonathan over the boasted supremacy of the British over the American navy, and to discover that the young reprobates had borrowed the imposing head-gear and the sacred swords of two officer-guests with which to settle the question!

This German Christmas seems like one of the far-away dreams of early childhood with a halo around it, and will forevermore be reverently held in memory as the best illustration the Observer has ever seen of the spirit of the Christ-child put into practical living.

Another marvelous Christmas stands quite alone in the memory—the one spent in Rome. There was no moment during this day when the thought of Merry Christmas would not have jarred upon the heart.

There are holidays in holidays sometimes, and the one that dawned upon the Observer in the city of martyrs for Christ's sake, was to stand entirely alone as a life experience. Not unto merry making was this day consecrated, but for solemn recognition of those by whose stripes we have been healed, and through whose faithfulness we have our freedom to make of the birthday of the Saviour a loving festival.

We spent our Roman Christmas day in the Coliseum. The same sun that shone upon the Caesars lighted the dark corridors where underneath the arena, Christ's first friends took their farewell of human love and earthly joys and sorrows in the darkness, and went from the dungeon up into the light of day for the last time, as seeing Him who, we believe, was not long from these tortured bodies. Oh, the suggestiveness of that awful arena! The heart bows down before what these rows of crumbling seats of vanished power have signified, not only to brave men and timid women, but to shrinking tender children. Do human beings face such an ordeal for nothing?

At the great church service at St. Peter's in the latter part of the day; when the wonderful dome was filled with the glory of marvelous harmonies, one could feel under that stupendous arch the reality of the unspeakable blessedness that has been the glorious reward of those who came up through great tribulations, and a new conception of the unfailing justice of God swelled the heart when one realized that every passionately earnest cry of the human soul for justice, is but the rushlight in comparison, to the splendor of the blaze around the throne of an unerring God.

There is a time for earnest thought and a time when the life is enriched by happy action. As the year rolls around towards the Christmas season, there always comes with it the memory of these two days—the solemn background of one and the sunny foreground of the other, and our hearts turn with loving sympathy across the sea where a great military nation is making most careful preparations for happiness, and we remember that it has been well said, that "the bravest are the tenderest." These sweet human doings for others; this careful thought of the little helpful courtesies; the gracious acts of self denial; give the finest assurance that he who has the heart of the little child is the greatest among us, and that he who has the greatest amount of innocent mirth and merry cheer to bestow, is the one best fitted to worthily celebrate the birthday of the One who when upon earth, made the marriage feast the happiest and no doubt the merriest, for His gracious, loving presence!

Continued on page four.

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PANDY CATHARTIC
Pascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
10¢
25¢ 50¢
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Pascarets are the Ideal Laxative and booklet free. ALL DRUGGISTS
SOLELY BY MAIL: DR. STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL. OR NEW YORK, N.Y.

BUSINESS CARDS.
MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.
HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.
DR. J. G. Gehring,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.
Office at residence on Broad St.
A. S. Kimball,
Dr. Kimball,
BETHEL, ME.

KIMBALL & SON,
Attorneys at Law,
NORWAY, MAINE.
All business will receive prompt and careful attention.
R. W. BUCKNAM, M.D.,
—Elm House,—
BETHEL, ME.

At Bryant Pond daily from 6 to 10 a. m.

E. L. JEWELL
MERCHAND
TAILOR.
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
REPAIRING, CLEANING
AND PRESSING. : : :
A. W. GROVER,
Pension : Attorney,
BETHEL, MAINE.

I desire to call the attention of all who had claims in the hands of the late J. C. Rice, Esq., that I have his papers and books pertaining to such claims and am continuing the prosecution of such claims wherever desired. Please correspond or call at my office, where you will find me on the three last days of the week. Correspondence attended to at any time.

DR. H. H. TUKEY,
SURGEON DENTIST,
ANDOVER CORNER, - ME.

I wish to inform the citizens of Hallowell and surrounding towns that I am prepared to call at homes in Hallowell and vicinity and perform all parts of DENTISTRY. Having had twenty years experience in Portland and Westbrook, I feel free in guaranteeing satisfaction in all cases.
Artificial Teeth, \$6.00 and \$8.00.
Warranted the Very Best.
Fillings, 50 cts. and upwards.
Teeth extracted without pain with our new Anesthetic. Warranted to be perfectly harmless.
Will be at Hallowell the FIRST TUESDAY of each month, and Rumford Point the SECOND TUESDAY of each month.

VIVIAN W. HILLS,
Ophthalmic Optician, and
Theonly Practitioner in Oxford Co.
NORWAY, MAINE.

Look out for quack Doctors, Professors, etc. who try to pass as Graduate Opticians—fill your eyes with wind, but never attend an Optician school—simply buy diplomas by mail.
Our Optical Department is the finest in Oxford County. Remember we are the only practical Graduate Optician in Oxford County. The only optician in this county who ever personally attended an Optician school and has diploma for same.
HILLS don't claim to be the only one selling glasses but does claim to be the only optician of practical ability in this county. If any one tells you that he was not the first Oxford County optician to make a specialty of fitting glasses, the first to measure the amount of rays which may enter the eye for special lenses ground for the defects, he tells you a falsehood.
Don't understand us saying we are the only one who can fit you—some "quackling men," "specialty dealers" and "quack" opticians will tell you so you can see, but you will find how the price that HILLS would ask you for the same.
How do you know that a pair fitted by HILLS would be less strain on the eye? Try it, for why take chances? Don't fool with your eyes. HILLS' prices are much the lowest. Solid gold spectacle frames \$1.75; others \$1.50 for the same. We also have a cheaper solid gold frame, gold filled frame, \$1.25, warranted for ten years; others ask \$2.00 for the same. We offer cheap fitted at 50c, and 75c. Lenses, 50c and upwards.
No charge for examination.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Don't delay if your sight is troubling you, but visit us at once.
—VIVIAN W. HILLS—
GRADUATE OPTICIAN,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Solid and Silver Plated Ware,
Repairing Promptly attended to.
"Good work for the money."
Opera House Bldg., NORWAY, ME.

Commencing Sept. 10, 1897, I shall receive 2 cars, forty horses, each week, 1,000 to 1,600 lbs. These horses are ready for immediate use. Special prices to lumbermen and dealers. Large stock of harnesses constantly on hand. Heavy team horses a specialty.
Telephone calls solicited.
—JONAS EDWARDS,
AUBURN, MAINE.

Business College
and Shorthand School
PORTLAND, AUGUSTA, & MOULTON, MAINE
Actual business by mail and railroad. Instruction by mail a specialty. Book-keeping, stenography and shorthand. Large stock of business men. Office practice for beginners. Free catalogue.
F. L. SHAW, PRINCIPAL. PORTLAND.

C. L. DAVIS,
General Trucking and Dealer in
COAL, ICE, &c.
Trucking of every kind promptly attended to. Orders to be left at house.
C. L. DAVIS,
MAIN STREET, BETHEL, MAINE.

Lovejoy House,
W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Prop'rs,
BETHEL HILL, - MAINE.
This popular house has been repaired since last season, the stable and out buildings have been moved to the rear of the house, thus leaving the front of the house unobstructed. Parties wanting a quiet summer home will find this one of the most desirable places in the Mountain region.

If You Want to
head the procession ride on an
O-R-I-E-N-T Bicycle.
All '97 Orient fitted with Pitch Line chain; it saves friction and they also have the strongest and simplest pattern of divided crank shaft made.
—Price '97 model \$7.00.
'96 model \$7.50.
SARACEN—Equal to any \$7.50 wheel—\$6.00.
Call and examine or send for catalogues at either—
L. P. SWETT'S,
155 Main St., NORWAY, ME.
or EDWARD KINO, Sub-Agent,
Call on him for Catalogue,
BETHEL.

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COUNTY NEWS.

WEST BETHEL.
"Santa Claus will soon be with us with us once again; Wonder what the deuce he'll give us, Answer, Mary Jane."
The days are lengthening.
A cold wave struck Maine, Sunday.
Winter began on Tuesday of this week.

There is every reason to believe that the ice crop will soon be all right.
L. E. Allen came up from Bethel on Thursday to make some repairs on his buildings.
Milton Holt and A. S. Bean have a fine display of Christmas goods in their stores this week.

A few were out with sleighs on Thursday, but nearly all are still using wagons on the icy roads.
About an inch of snow fell Friday night, followed on Saturday and Sunday by high and biting winds.

Eugene A. Briggs of Bethel Hill has been visiting his father for a few days in the home of his childhood.
Mrs. Bertha Sumner of South Paris, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Tyler, and calling on old friends.

Full line of Atomizers at Wiley's.
BRYANT POND.
Miss Birdie Stevens is home on a visit.
Christmas tree at Baptist church on Saturday evening.

Mr. David Swan fell on the ice and fractured his hip.
Miss Genevieve Whitman is visiting friends in Auburn.
Mrs. James Bowker was severely injured by falling on the ice, last week.

Miss Bertha Cushman is clerking in W. G. Morton's store at West Paris.
Miss Grace Stevens attended the dance at West Paris, last Friday night.
Grand Ball on Friday, the 24th, at Grange hall. All are cordially invited.

The Grand Trunk company are building a water station just below the depot.
Arthur Cushman is spending his vacation with his grandmother at Leeds, Me.

Mrs. Dollie Frost Carroll began a term of school at Rumford Centre, Monday the 21st.
Celluloid H'dk's, Goggles and Necktie Cases at Wiley's.

ALBANY.
Mrs. Inez Johnson has been sick the past week with the grip.
Frank Upton has been in town visiting old friends and neighbors.
J. K. Wheeler cut his foot quite badly while working in the woods last week.

Arthur and Ada Bean visited their sister, Mrs. Harry Sawin, last Saturday.
Geo. Cummings, master-elect of Round Mountain Grange, goes to Augusta this week to attend the annual meeting of the State Grange.

It seems that the scholars of this town are not much interested in having a high school as there were but seven present at the examination held at Hunt's Corner, the 18th.
After Jan. 1st, E. T. Judkins will be at his blacksmith shop, Friday and Saturday of each week instead of Monday and Tuesday.

Fred Clark has taken a winter's job of James Brown of Waterford to cut and haul several thousand of pine and hardwood. James McKenzie and Archie Wilbur are his choppers; we understand that his wife will go into camp to do the cooking.

Nearly every one in this locality is sighing for snow, and we think ourselves that a few inches of good solid snow would come quite acceptable. This riding over frozen ground in a wagon, with the thermometer at zero and the wind blowing as it blew last Saturday isn't the most enjoyable thing one could imagine.

CANTON POINT.
Miss Nellie Caswell is unable to attend school.
Prof. J. M. Ludden is as well at this writing.

Flossy Harmon is reported better at this writing.
Bert Delano has returned to his school at Kent's Hill.
John H. Dailey is choring for B. C. Waite, this winter.

E. B. Rowe, Esq. has made extensive repairs on his office.
There will be a Union Christmas tree at Union Hall.
Al Bartlett is confined to the house with a cold and cough.

Mrs. A. J. Foster has nearly recovered from her sickness.
Mrs. Jennie Reynolds spent Friday, with Mrs. G. M. Packard.
Capt. Isaac G. Virgin has returned from a long visit at Rumford.

Miss May Ellishas nearly recovered from her recent illness.
C. M. Holland recently bought a fine cow of G. Moore at the Mills.
W. G. Wagner and Frank Dodge are chopping birch in Dixfield, Me.

E. L. Dailey is at work at Ridgelyville, erecting a store for Geo. Stevens.
C. M. Packard made a flying trip to the new city of Rumford Falls one day last week.

Our blacksmith has a very good run of business; all that want good work should give him a call.
R. Waite of North Jay, has been spending a few days with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Waite.

Small attendance at the Ladies' circle, Wednesday, as it was very rainy, but they had the usual amount of food.
The recent rains carried our new ice bridge out Thursday morning; we have five feet of water on hand at the present time.

C. M. Holland fell on the ice in his yard Thursday, and received several bruises and at this writing is unable to be out.
Quite a large gathering met with Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Dailey on the eve of December 14th, notwithstanding it was very stormy and dark.

As L. O. Virgin White was descending the cellar stairs one of the steps gave way and away went Virgin and four gallons of No. 1 cream; we wish that we had some of the latter.

NORWAY.
Mr. Edwin R. Tyler read Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's "Thanksgiving" sermon in G. A. R. hall, last Thursday evening.
Quite a number from here attended the Fair held by the ladies of the Congregational society, South Paris, last Thursday and Friday.

Mr. Goshlaw, superintendent of B. F. Spinney & Co.'s shoe factory, is again confined to the house by an attack of heart trouble.
The new boilers are in working order and now furnish heat for the shoe shop. Much better satisfaction is given than by the fire-pump boiler which has been in use for the past two months.

Our popular dry and fancy goods dealer, Merritt Welch, has engaged the Opera house from Dec. 23 to 25 and will there display one of the finest assortments of Christmas goods and hand painted china ever seen in Norway.

Next Sunday evening a fine Christmas concert will be given at the Congregational church. The choir assisted by a chorus of about 25 voices will render several selections, and there will also be singing and recitations by the children.

The ladies of the Congregational circle furnished a very fine supper and entertainment last Tuesday evening in their chapel. The entertainment consisted of trios, duets, solos and recitations, by Mrs. Frank Kimball, Mr. H. L. Horne and C. W. Horne, Nellie Hayden, Harold Anderson and the Misses Smith and Horne.

All of our stores have now their usual fine line of Christmas goods and the windows look very tasty indeed. We feel that especial mention should be made of one of Thomas Smiley's windows, decorated by Fred Cummings. It represents the gold fields of Klondike, where miners are at work on the snow covered mountains, and pack mules wind their way along the narrow passes. This scene attracts a great many people, as a brook of running water and the several mules are all in motion.

PARIS.
W. N. Daniels is in feeble health this winter.
Leon Dudley is chopping wood at A. C. Brown's.

Lafayette Waterhouse, Jr., is at work for Melvin B. Morey.
Jacob Briggs is at work for Mrs. James Whittemore this winter.

Melvin B. Morey visited friends in Albany and East Bethel, recently.
J. P. Richards is on the sick list, having been confined to the house for some time.

A. C. Brown is at work as engineer in a saw mill at Norway Lake, for Harrison parties.
Paris Grange at their meeting, Dec. 18, discussed the question: Resolved, that it would be beneficial for women to adopt bicycle suits for general wear. Affirmative, Mrs. H. E. Carter; negative, Mrs. C. A. Briggs. It was decided in the affirmative by a close vote.

MINOT.
Mrs. Cecil A. True is in Boston.
George Sawyer is in Bowdoinham.

Mr. Cyrus Austin and family have moved to Livermore Falls.
Mr. Clarence White and family of Lewiston, were the guests of E. E. Young, Sunday.

Miss Bay Russell of Buckfield who has been visiting Mrs. Edwin Hackett, has returned to her home.
Dr. G. W. Carroll recently received a new sleigh from Bryant Pond, but he has not had occasion to use it as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wills and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fogg of Lewiston, were the guests of R. P. Rounds the past week.
SUNDAY RIVER.

Mrs. N. Trask is on the sick list.
Kirk Barker is working for Chas. Moore.

Andrew Jackson is sick with the mumps.
Jack Downey was in this place, last Sunday.
Ceylon Russell of Waterford, is at Orrington York's.

O. P. Littlehale is at home from Boston to spend the holidays.
Jerome Sanborn of Bethel, is driving a well for Orrington York.
J. S. Brown went to Augusta last Monday to attend the Maine State Grange.

Frank Williamson was at home from Magalloway to visit his father last week.
W. H. Powers has taken a job hauling spruce in Andover, and is waiting for sledding so as to commence work.

Richard Williamson has been suffering from an abscess on his arm; we are glad to hear that he is some better.
Last Friday, Erie Stowe, son of L. S. Stowe started for Bethel with three horses and a load of wood; On an icy place in the road the wagon slipped over a bank, horses, load, and driver. The boy's arm was broken just above the wrist.

There is no medicine in the world equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for the cure of throat and lung diseases. This is a fact that has been proven in numberless cases. Here is a sample of thousands of letters received: "I have tried Chamberlain's Cough Remedy while suffering from a severe throat trouble, and found immediate and effective relief. I can unhesitatingly recommend it."—Edgar W. Whittemore, Editor Grand Rivers (Ky.) Herald.

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SOUTH PARIS.
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Len Sessions went to Locke's Mills, last Wednesday.
Mr. Samuel F. Briggs has been repairing his house on Pleasant street.

Mr. Adelbert Witham who has been in the hospital at Portland has returned home.
Mr. Alton C. Wheeler, who is teaching school at West Paris, spent Sunday with his parents.

There was a lively scene at the high school, last Wednesday, when some boys of the upper classes began to haze a freshman. A large paper bag filled with water was the implement they used.

The December number of the magazine known as The Chronicle, that is published semi-annually by the students of the high school is just out. It contains the pictures of the football eleven, and also the editorial board, which helps to make it one of the best specimens they ever placed on sale.

The ladies of the Congregational church, held their annual fair and Christmas sale in New Hall, Friday and Saturday afternoon, and also an entertainment each evening. A mock trial took place on Friday evening, and on Saturday evening the young ladies presented a comedy in three acts, entitled, A King's Daughter. There was a full house each night, notwithstanding the entertainment which was judged to take place on Thursday was postponed until Saturday evening, on account of the illness of Miss Ollie M. Stuart who took a leading part. The music was furnished by the Norway orchestra of six pieces.

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GILEAD.
Mr. J. W. Bennett lost one of his best work horses the 12th. By some means he was cast in the stable.
Mrs. Elmer Newell and her sister Miss Corrie Bennett, were in Bethel on the 11th. They dined at Mrs. Henry Farwell's.

Mr. Frank Peabody of Lewiston, who visited his brothers here and his sisters at W. Bethel a few weeks since, is again in town.
The rain on the night of the 14th and on the 15th, caused another clearing out of ice in Wild river, also from the Androscoggin.

Prof. Arthur J. Roberts of Colby University, and his wife, are expected to arrive in town the 18th, to spend the Christmas vacation.
Mr. William R. Peabody rode to the village in his sleigh on the 16th. On the same day Mr. John Wilson rode down from Shelburne in a sleigh. He thought there was more snow in that town than in Gilead.

Mr. McFadden, the lumberman from Portland, was in town recently. A six horse team owned by him, or in his employ, with two horses attached to the rear of the wagon, passed through this place the 18th, on the way to Stratford, N. H.

Dolls, Toys and Games at Wiley's.
Writing Desks and Tablets at Wiley's.

A Tennessee lady, Mrs. J. W. Towse, of Philadelphia, Tenn., has been using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for her baby, who is subject to croup, and says of it: "I find it just as good as you claim it to be. Since I've had your Cough Remedy, baby has been threatened with croup ever so many times, but I would give him a dose of the Remedy and it prevented his having it every time." Hundreds of mothers say the same. Sold by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant Pond.

BRYANT POND.
Geo. O. Jones is in town.
Archie Felt has gone to Boston. Fred Stevens has gone to Boston. Mr. Rufus Dunham remains about the same.

Francis Chase is at home from Kent's Hill.
Mrs. Lulu Wing has returned from Portland.
All hall to the "Observer's," "Evolved Grandmother."

We were pleased to see Miss Earle in town last week.
Miss Birdie Stevens is visiting her mother, Mrs. Laura Stevens. Arthur Cushman is visiting his grandmother at Leeds Junction. Bertha Cushman is clerking in W. G. Morton's store at West Paris. The G. T. Company are building a water station just below the depot.

Mr. Wheeler and wife from West Paris, called on friends here last week.
Lewis Day, Gertie Cole, Alice Day and Mrs. Emma Estes attended the dance at West Paris, Saturday night.
Repairs are being rushed on the chair factory and it is expected it will be in running order next Monday.

G. H. Berry, wife and two children who have been boarding at Mrs. Sheeran's for the past five weeks, have gone to Oxford.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, become well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggists, under guarantee to cure, 50c or \$1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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MONEY BACK IF YOU WANT IT.
H. B. FOSTER,
Opera House Block,
NORWAY.

SOUTH PARIS.
It is good skating on the river.
Len Sessions went to Locke's Mills, last Wednesday.
Mr. Samuel F. Briggs has been repairing his house on Pleasant street.

There Isn't A Man
in existence that can say he had cause to complain and that we failed to make it right as soon as we knew it. Such a man will never exist.
Several lots of 50c underwear, heavy and warm for winter for 25c. Extra heavy, gray wool underwear for 50c. Many other styles from \$1 to \$2.

MONEY BACK IF YOU WANT IT.
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Opera House Block,
NORWAY.

SOUTH PARIS.
It is good skating on the river.
Len Sessions went to Locke's Mills, last Wednesday.
Mr. Samuel

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Books, Games, Toys, Sterling Silver Novelties, Leather Goods, Christmas Cards and Calendars, Umbrellas, Vases, Brio-a-Brac, besides all the good things that go to make a useful present such as a New Winter Garment, or Dress; Silk, Worsted, or Velvetene Waist, Mackintosh, Kid Gloves, Etc.

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1870	Phoenix Insurance Company, Boston, Mass.	5,736,026.06
1871	National Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.	4,120,250.50
1869	North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, London and Edinburgh	4,067,931.02
1872	Phoenix Insurance Company, Manchester, Eng.	3,555,219.05
1872	Lancashire Insurance Company, Manchester, Eng.	2,908,251.53
1877	Orient Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.	2,273,780.25
1877	Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society, Norwich, Eng.	2,229,093.90
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1873	Globe Fire Insurance Company, N. Y.	674,320.06
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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Continued from page one.

your noon dram, and your evening dram and spend everything you have, and you insure poverty for yourself and your children forever! If by some generous fiat of the capitalists of this country or by a new law of the government of the United States, 25 per cent, or 50 per cent, or 100 per cent, were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit, the more money the more ruin, the more wages the more holes in the bag.

My plea is to those working people who are in a discipleship to the whiskey bottle, the beer jug and the wine flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes, and the literary classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the loss of self-respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink he feels demeaned. I do not care how recklessly he acts. He may say, "I don't care," he does care. He can not look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say. He does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He can not. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He can not stop. I prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He can not. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago, but not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He can not; he knows he can not, so he does not try.

I had a friend who was for 15 years going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil he would say: "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say: "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would say: "I can stop any time if I want to." After awhile he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet, after that he said: "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Drink! Drink! And yet among his last utterances was: "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it because he could not stop. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes he can not stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man: "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say: 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.' I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorting about his evil habit, said: 'Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it.' Oh, it is a bad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive! He says: 'I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death, but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy?'

I go on and say that the disciple of rum suffers from the loss of health. The older men may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies on every nerve, and gnaws every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his sleeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight

pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says: "Hush, now be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again: "O, God! O, God! Help! Help! Drink! Give me drink! Help! Take them off me! O, God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keeper to kill them—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death of some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things; and, if he could not get drunk in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for life, and damn him for the life to come! Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart, and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children barefooted, unwashed and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of the prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O, rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in that world, he will feel infinite thirst consuming him. Now, down in this world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from?

Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grogshop, and should go back taking on his wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it; let the drop be very small, if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink; let that last drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum, aha! That is rum!" And it would wake up the echoes of the damned—"Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness. I think it will be the absence of rum. Oh: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

While I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many happy men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and re-construct, purify, elevate and redeem it.

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting next to you in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril; and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in 5,000

that they will get clear of it. There are men in every congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves, and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that is an awful thing to say, but I can not help saying it.

Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul: "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and 10,000,000 drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear, in temperance with drunkard's bones drumming on the head of the immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip; and you would kneel down and pray to God, that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind, the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection! God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on a drunkard's sepulchre?

I write this to let you know what I would not do. I would not do without Chamberlain's Pain Balm in my house, if it cost \$5.00 per bottle. It does all you recommend it to do and no more. —J. R. WALLACE, Wallaceville, Ga. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the best household liniment in the world, and invaluable for rheumatism, lame back, sprains, and bruises. Be ready for emergencies by buying a bottle of G. R. Wiley's Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant's Pond.

MIDDLE INTERVAL.
Lena Farwell has recovered from chicken pox.
Misses Cora and Sadie Farwell are students at Gould's Academy.
Miss Anna E. Kimball has been visiting friends at Bethel Hill.
W. N. Holmes of Bethel, is cooking in the camp in the Pine Woods.
We hope the little daughter of Charles Davis, who has been ill for a long time, is improving.

The Poisonous Acids
In the blood are the direct cause of Rheumatism. There is no preparation so effective in driving out these poisons as Dr. Drummmond's Lightning Remedies. They have received the unsolicited endorsement of the highest medical authority, and testimonials from every state. If your druggist has not got these remedies, do not take anything else. Describe your case in a letter to the Drummmond Medicine Co., New York. Agents wanted.

A Growing City.
The board of education at Bloomington, Ills., has recently completed three new school buildings, one being a 98 room high school, built at a cost of \$70,000, of red stone and pressed brick. This building contains a large assembly hall, with a seating capacity of 400, several classrooms, laboratories, manual training rooms, offices, etc. The other two buildings are ward buildings, the Washington school containing 4 rooms and the Lincoln school containing 8 rooms. All of these buildings are model schools, both in exterior design and interior arrangement.

What Tact Is.
Remember that tact is the delicate knack of never trampling on people's toes. It is the power of respecting each customer's pride without abating a jot of your own dignity. The merchant who can command that subtle power in himself and in his salesmen, if he be straight and sensible in other respects, is already within reach of prosperity and ultimate wealth.—Chicago Dry Goods Reporter.

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Cascara Candy Catarrhs, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on the bowels, liver and stomach, cleansing the entire system, dispel colic and biliousness, remove constipation and all its attendant evils. Sold by all druggists. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. Candy Catarrhs, 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

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My Mamma gives me BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF.
For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, etc.
I THINK IT IS REAL NICE TO TAKE.
Prepared by HENRY W. BROWN, CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



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IT EFFECTUALLY CONTROLS AND QUICKLY CURES
Kidney Diseases, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervousness and Exhausted Systems, Constipation, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, General Debility, Diseases of the Female System, Malarial Poison. You can try

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with the full assurance of a permanent cure in the majority of cases. If you have had La Grippe, and if it has left you in a run down or weakened condition or with rheumatism, use this medicine. It goes direct to the seat of most physical troubles. Two or three doses of the first bottle will convince you of its superior merit over patent medicines. Ask your druggist for Dr. Scott's Health Renewer. Come at once if you want the extra bottle.

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Also a full line of fur robes at a bargain. I have a Gall cure which sells for 15c per box, which is actually worth \$1.00 per box if you have a horse with galls. Try a box.

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